

Coopers Clarksbury Register.

WILLIAM P. COOPER, J.

"WE STAND UPON THE PRINCIPLES OF IMMUTABLE JUSTICE, AND NO HUMAN POWER SHALL DRIVE US FROM OUR POSITION."—Jackson.

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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TERMS.

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THE BATTLE OF CITATE.

Awful Slaughter of the Russians—A Terrible Contest.

A private letter to the London Times, gives the following account of the desperate battle between the Turks and Russians at Citate:

On Friday, the 6th of January, the Turkish troops, under the Orders of Ismail Pacha and Ahmed Pacha, marched to attack the Russians, who had fortified themselves in the village of Citate, which is about five hours march from Kalaft. The force of Ismail Pacha was composed of three regiments of one regular cavalry and one regiment of Bashibozouks, with six guns. Ahmed Pacha was stationed at some distance from the village, with some reserve troops, consisting of five battalions, and also six guns. The Russian force in the village consisted of three battalions of infantry, commanded by Colonel Bonnegarde, three squadrons of hussars, and two squadrons of Cossacks with six guns.

The Turkish troops were, as will be seen, superior in number; but the position of the Russians, who were distributed in all the houses in the village, which is of great extent, and which is surrounded by a double ditch, rendered the attack extremely perilous, as the enemy, well sheltered, were enabled to direct a murderous fire upon the Turks, without the latter being able to reply to it.

In spite of this evident disadvantage, Ismail Pacha gave orders for the attack, and threw himself into the village under a shower of balls from all the windows. At first the Turks received very serious injury; but, although this circumstance somewhat disorganized their attack, their impetuosity was by no means checked. The greater portion of the soldiers, who had never before been exposed to musketry, nevertheless displayed indomitable courage.

After a desperate struggle they attacked the house, and fought hand to hand with sword and bayonet. The massacre was frightful. The Russians in vain begged for quarter. In the fever of the fight the Turks listened to nothing, and slaughtered without pity, all who fell under their hands. The Mussulmans of the Crimea, incorporated with the Russian army, in vain appealed to their character of Mussulmans. No quarter was given to them. Gutters of blood ran down the streets from the wholesale human slaughter. To add to the horrors of the scene, it may be stated that a number of pigs which had been let loose were seen eaten the dead bodies.

All who could escape the slaughter took refuge in a redoubt at the head of the village, and thence recommenced a murderous fire upon the Turks, who returned it vigorously but not without receiving considerable injury from the Russian guns.

At last the enemy, incapable of any further struggle decided on abandoning the entrenchments. A number of Russian troops had already evacuated the place, when a column of Turkish cavalry conceived the unfortunate idea of endeavoring to oppose their passage. The Russians, finding themselves surrounded, and having no outlet for escape, and no resource but the terrible energy derived from despair, no other alternative but to conquer or die, recommenced the fight with desperation, and in a vigorous sortie they succeeded in capturing two guns. It should be stated that the Turks, upon the first success in the entrenchments, committed the incredible fault of not destroying the enemy's guns.

While the battle was thus going on in the village, twelve battalions of infantry of the Russian army and a squadron of cavalry, with sixteen pieces of cannon, were brought to the assistance of the besieged, and attempted to place the Turks between two fires. Information of this was given to Ahmed Pacha, who, by a skillful maneuver, directed his soldiers to the point, in order to prevent the junction with the besieged troops. For this movement, he made use of three of his reserved battalions.

The advantage of the position was now on the side of the Turks, who were on ground which sloped towards the Russians; but the latter were in three times greater numbers than the Turks. In spite of this inequality, however, the Russians were entirely beaten, and fled in the greatest disorder. They were completely routed—a fact constituting a feat of arms on the part of the Turks which does great honor to them, and establishes another important truth—that the Russians cannot cope with Turkish troops in equal numbers to themselves in open field, and when they have a much more powerful force than their enemy. Their losses in these two simultaneous affairs amount to nearly 4,000 men, among whom are included 50 superior officers. The Turks had about 300 killed and 396 wounded, who were sent to the hospitals at Widdin, and of whom, it is hoped, the greater may be saved.

According to the opinion of some European officers, now at Widdin, this affair is a most glorious one for the Turks, and, if not productive of any material result, will at least prove of great moral advantage to them.

On the next day the Russians attempted to reoccupy the redoubt from which they had been driven in the night, but the appearance of some Turkish battalions discouraged them from the attempt, and they beat a retreat.

At the time of the attack upon the village, the Turkish soldiers, particularly the Bashibozouks, committed the fault of stopping to pillage before being entirely assured of victory, and by this means, in despoiling the dead, obtained some trifling articles, much to the prejudice of the general interest. It is to be regretted that it has not been possible to derive all the advantage from this affair of which it is susceptible, at least so far as regards material benefit; but, as far as regards the moral effect, there is nothing to desire.

Ismael Pacha fought like a lion, and more like a soldier than a general. He had two horses killed under him. He was grazed with two balls—one on the shoulder, and another on the wrist. A third ball struck the scabbard of his sword.

The Turks took from the field of battle, besides a number of horses, a great many muskets, sabres, schakos, epaulettes, and decorations, and also many wounded. The latter consoled themselves for their wounds by the sight of watches or hand-falls of gold, gathered in the midst of danger, which they placed by their beds of pain as a solace to their sufferings.

Justice has been done to the bravery of the Russian officers, who courageously did their duty, but were badly seconded by the soldiers, whom it was often necessary to prick with the point of the bayonet, in order to prevent them from running away. Some of the Wallachian militia were incorporated among the Russian troops; but the former were in very bad odor with the Russian officers, and were continually subjected to their jeers. A Wallachian captain refused to march against the Turks, and he consumed his refusal by blowing out his brains. This fact may be relied on.

The Wallachian soldiers are continually deserting to the Turks, whose position is decidedly becoming advantageous. It is believed that they will shortly undertake a new expedition. Besides this, although I do not state the fact as certain, it is said that Omar Pacha is about to proceed to Widdin. At all events the Turks will be received in Wallachia as liberators. The Turkish soldier enjoys a reputation for honesty and good conduct which is well founded.

All the provisions which are necessary are paid for in ready money, and no burden is thrown on the inhabitants. So much cannot be said for the Russians, who are, indeed, charged with all sorts of odious acts. About two or three weeks ago, some Cossacks, at a village near Plewan, cut off the heads of three Wallachians and violated fifteen women. Thus the Russians are strange protectors. When the Turks reached the village, with the view of assisting the unfortunate inhabitants, the culprits had escaped.

The Way to Commence.

The following is the testimony of a distinguished and very wealthy New York merchant, of how to commence making a fortune, and how to push along:

I entered a store and asked if a clerk was wanted. "No," in a rough tone, was the reply—all being too busy to bother with me—when I reflected if they did not want a clerk they might want a laborer, but I was dressed too fine for that. I went to my lodgings, put on a rough garb, and the next day went into the same store, and demanded if they did not want a porter, and "no" was the response—when I exclaimed in despair almost, "not a laborer?—Sir, I will work at any wages. Wages are not my object. I must have employ, and I want to be useful in business." These last remarks attracted their attention, and in the end I was employed as a laborer in the basement and sub-cellar, at a very low pay, scarcely enough to keep body and soul together. In the basement and sub-cellar, I soon attracted the attention of the counting room, and of the high clerk. I saved enough for my employers in little things wasted, to pay my wages ten times over, and they soon found it out. I did not let anybody about commit petty larcenies without remonstrances would not do. I did not ask for any ten hour law. If I was wanted at 3 A. M. I was there, and cheerfully there; or if I was kept till 2 A. M. I never growled, but told everybody "go home, and I will see everything right." I loaded off at daybreak packages for the morning boats, or carried them myself. In short I soon became indispensable to my employers, and I rose—and rose, till I became the head of the house, with money enough as you see, to give me a luxury or any position a merchant man may desire for himself or children, in this great city.

IMPRESSIONS AT FIRST SIGHT.—This subject at the supper table was getting "talked over," when the lady who presided "over the cup and tea," said "she always formed an idea of a person at first sight, and that idea she found was generally a correct one."

"Mamma, said her youngest son in a shrill voice, that attracted the attention of all present.

"Well, my dear," said the fond mother, "what do you want?"

"I want to know," said young America, "what you thought when you first saw me?"

There was no answer to this query; but we learn that a general idea prevailed, and that Charlie was taken into the kitchen immediately by the servant.

The following lines were written by a lad at school at Providence, R. I., who soon after died, and they are published at the request of a relative of the author:

My friends, you flatter me too high,
If really you think that I
E'er felt the poet's flame,
For though the muse I've oft assayed
To woo, yet flies she to the shade,
Quicker than the New England maid,
And leaves me still the same.

But by the Lyceum's resolves,
The task to-night, on me devolves
To try my skill at rhyme,
And if from me, (as much I fear,)
Nothing of interest appear,
Still, may you something better hear,
And have a "grand good time."

There's joy depicted on each face,
Each maiden's charms—each manly grace,
Before my vision shine;
The "stuntion girls," with eyes so bright,
And happy boys, are here to-night,
And joyous as the summer's light
Your faces turn to mine.

Full well I know the cause of this,
For oh! the thought of earthly bliss—
You soon will visit home,
You go to be by parents blest,
By sisters welcomed, friends caressed,
And joy shall thrill each beating breast.
Within a father's dome.

Oh! how each thought of other years,
Of childhood's hopes and childhood's fears,
And all of joy below,
Cluster around that one dear word;
That "home," by which if only heard,
The fount of feeling oft is stirred
Till tears begin to flow.

No wonder then that from each brow
The shade of grief has fallen now,
Or that each heart beats high:
For'er has passed another week,
Each one his friends still seek,
And taste of joys, I may not speak,
Beneath his home's own sky.

But oh! though all so happy be,
The cup of joy is not for me,
But feelings of regrets.
To those who far away do dwell,
Whose word my pen can never tell,
And that sweet home I love so well—
I may not see them yet.

Full many a week must pass away,
And many a dark and lonely day
With lowering sky above;
Before my father's hall I seek,
Or hear his kindly accents speak
Or mother's kiss upon the cheek,
Shall leave the dew of love.

And I must part from you so soon,
You who have been to me a boon
By Heaven itself bestowed,
Ah! e'en as round the boughs entwined
The tender branches of the vine;
So close has clung this heart of mine,
To you in this abode.

The thought that we must sunder be
So quickly, ah! it burdens me
With grief that's felt in vain;
And as I turn to you mine eyes,
Visions of friends before me rise
From Carolina's sunny skies
To wintry forests of Maine.

But stay, I would not damp one heart,
Nor one sad feeling would impart,
Nor cloud one laughing brow;
No, no, I wish you ever free
From every care that presses me,
And that through life you may lay to
As full of joy as now.

Yes, may each guardian angel bless
And pour on you such happiness,
As tongue can't fully tell;
And when you muse some future day
On years that long have passed away,
Then send one lingering thought, I pray,
To him that bids farewell!

PROVIDENCE, R. I. THOMAS WHITE.

SIX HUNDRED A YEAR;

Or, Engaging a Clerk.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

CHAPTER I.

"Well Dixon, what is it?" asked Mr. Phogic of his assistant book keeper, who had been patiently waiting for half an hour in the private counting room of the merchant, for an opportunity to speak with his employer.

"My second year in your service will begin to-morrow, sir, and I have taken the liberty to request your attention to a matter, which, though of little importance to you, perhaps, is of considerable moment to me."

The young man paused, as if to note the effect of his words upon his employer. "Indeed!" ejaculated the merchant, not half liking the cool and dignified way the young man had of introducing himself.

To his mind there was a lack of that cringing, subservient tone and manner, which his old fashioned notions had taught him to believe was a dangerous deficiency in a clerk.

"I refer to my salary sir."

"Well?"

There was a gathering frown upon the brow of the merchant.

"I have endeavored to serve you faithfully," continued the clerk, rather discouraged by the coldness with which he was received.

There was an awkward pause. Mr. Phogic's philosophy did not permit him to speak, and the young man was too much embarrassed to proceed with his application.

"My salary for the past year has been five hundred dollars," stammered Dixon, when he found his employer was bent on holding his peace.

"Well?" said Mr. Phogic, who still provokingly refused to take the hint.

"The object of my present visit is to

respectfully request you to raise it to six hundred," continued Dixon more boldly, as he began to appreciate the humor of his employer.

Mr. Phogic started aghast with astonishment and horror at the supplicant.—Cruikshank or Johnstone would have accounted the scene quite equal to that in the work house, where Oliver Twist, in a less important matter, had the unheard of presumption and impudence to "ask for more."

Dixon lost all hope.

"I trust, sir, I am not unreasonable," said he, excusing his boldness.

"Forty years ago, Dixon, when I was of your age," began Mr. Phogic, with solemn deliberateness. "I should have been glad to have received one half of your present salary."

The merchant looked complacently at the clerk to note the effect of this astounding declaration.

Dixon ventured to suggest that the times had changed.

Mr. Phogic admitted it, but was quite sure that the change had been for the worse.

"That is a matter of opinion, sir."

"Humph?"

"It costs much more to live now than it did then."

"Young men did not drive fast horses then, nor go to the opera, nor board at fashionable hotels," sneered Mr. Phogic.

"I am guilty of none of these follies sir," replied Dixon, a little indignant at the coarseness of the implication.

"Perhaps not; but five hundred dollars is a good salary for a prudent, careful young man."

"For one who can do no better, it is very well."

"Clerks are vain, now-a-days, and over estimate themselves," said Mr. Phogic, rebuking the complacency of his servant.

"I do not ask an increase of salary, sir, because I cannot live on five hundred dollars, but because I wish to advance myself, and if you will pardon my vanity, because I think my services are worth more."

"Very well, sir, when young men get above their business there is no knowing where they will stop. I cannot accede to your demand," and Mr. Phogic, to show his indifference, busied himself in arranging some papers on the desk before him.

"Then, sir, I shall be obliged to give you notice of my intention to leave your services," returned Dixon, evidently relieved that the interview was concluded, even in this unsatisfactory manner.

Mr. Phogic paused in his occupation and looked with surprise. It was doubtful whether Dixon meant so.

"Got another situation?" asked he.

"No, sir."

"Nothing in view?"

"Nothing, sir, of course I could not make an arrangement till I had consulted you."

Mr. Phogic was not pleased with the result of the interview. Dixon was an honest, faithful and devoted clerk, and the idea of parting with him was not agreeable. But to retract what he had hastily said, would be an indication of weakness; besides, he knew that any quantity of clerks could be obtained for even three hundred dollars a year; and he reasoned with himself that he should be a fool to pay Dixon six, when he could get one for three.

Accordingly Dixon gave formal notice of his intention to quit. But, having already earned a reputation for integrity and fidelity, he could easily obtain a situation at the salary he had demanded of Mr. Phogic.

CHAPTER II.

"Good morning, Mr. Phogic," said Mr. Wyman, a liberal minded merchant, as he entered the counting-room of the former.

"Good morning, sir; anything new to-day?"

"I call to see you about a young man who has been in your employ—I mean Dixon."

Phogic was all attention.

"I want a book-keeper, and he has applied for a situation. How is he?"

Phogic did not very well like to say he was a competent man, honest, faithful and zealous; he dared not say he was anything else: so he was compelled to compromise the matter for the moment by saying nothing.

"I was very much surprised to hear from him that he had left your service.—Anything unpleasant?"

"No."

"Blot the books?"

"No."

"Inaccurate?"

"No."

"Off too much?"

"No, nothing of the kind."

"But he was always considered one of the most promising young men on the street?"

"Yes."

Wyman was perplexed at the taciturnity of the other.

"I don't ask from idle curiosity; I want a book keeper."

Phogic was dumb.

"Has the young man any fault?" and there was visible evidences of impatience in the tone and manner of the merchant.

"Not that I know of."

"O, you didn't want him?"

"No—that is—yes—but—"

"Exactly so?" said Wyman laughing.

Phogic laughed too, he could not help laughing when he saw what a figure he was making; besides, a laugh is sometimes a great relief to a man in a quandary.

"If you must know, Wyman, I'll tell you. I gave him five hundred for the

last year; he wants six for the next. I won't give it."

"No?"

"Yes, that is the whole story."

"Wait a minute till I have secured him, and then I will talk with you," and Wyman moved towards the door.

"Give him six hundred?" asked Phogic, not a little astonished to find his neighbor so eager to complete the engagement.

"Yes, seven, if he demands it."

"I can send you half a dozen in an hour, who will engage for three."

"Will you give bonds for their integrity and fidelity?" asked Wyman, with a sneer.

"Pooh!"

"Pooh! The fact is I have suffered enough from cheap clerks. Assume me that a young man is honest and true to my interest, and I never will let him leave me on account of any reasonable difference about salary. All that Solomon said about a virtuous woman I believe in with regard to an honest and faithful clerk."

"I can't afford to pay these big salaries; and a young man gets above his business when you pay him too much."

"Nonsense! He will respect himself, which every man must do, in order to keep himself honest."

"You are a transcendentalist."

"I am common sense. You say you cannot afford to pay high salaries. Can you afford to have a semi-annual deficit in your cash account of three hundred dollars—bought up with false entries, lying balances and the like?"

Mr. Phogic had never been troubled in this way, and there was no probability that he ever should be; he looked out for his business himself, and he should like to see the clerk that could bamboozle him.

Mr. Wyman thought otherwise, and took his leave, wondering at the stupidity of his friend. It occurred to him as he left the counting room, that it was not very strange after all, that clerks on three hundred a year can drive 2-40 horses and go to the opera three nights in a week; not very strange, either, that petty defalcations were discovered occasionally; and that young men on small salaries got ahead amazingly fast.

CHAPTER III.

Wyman engaged Dixon, and Phogic procured the services of an ill looking fellow at three hundred dollars. The next time he saw Wyman he indulged in a little innocent rillery over the fact that he paid his new clerk but just half the salary Dixon received, and Phogic thought he was even a better book keeper than Dixon—wrote a plainer hand, and could run up a column of figures rather quicker.

As to the new clerk's honesty, he had a testimonial as big as the invoice book; and his maternal uncle was president of the Soap and Candle Maker's Bank—of course he was honest.

Things went on swimmingly for six months. The new assistant was a jewel, and when Mr. Quildriver, the head book keeper was taken by the rheumatism, which proved to be chronic, Mr. Phogic had so much confidence in this notable nephew of a notable uncle, that he gave him the entire charge of his books, and in the liberality of his big heart, advanced his salary to four hundred dollars a year.

On the first of January, however, when Mr. Phogic called for the balance sheet, it was not ready. The trial balance did not come out right, and the profit and loss account looked "thunderingly strange," as Mr. Phogic classically expressed. Three days were hopelessly used up in "taking stocks," but the thing could not be figured out.

Mr. Phogic began to be alarmed. The General—a noted expert in unravelling complicated and difficult accounts—was called to examine affairs, but no sooner did the smart nephew of the President of the Soap and Candle Maker's Bank see the well known grey locks of the expert bent over the obstinate folios, than he stepped out to lunch, and by some singular oversight forgot to return.

The upshot of the whole matter was that the General discovered an absurdity of some fifteen hundred dollars—just enough to keep the dapper little book keeper in opera and 2-40's during the season.

Of course the thing went up and down the street, and the little ragged boys in State street bellowed it as the tops of their lungs into the ears of the passer-by.

"Why, Phogic, how's this?" said Mr. Wyman, meeting the supporter of the cheap clerk system.

Mr. Phogic used a very hard word, which only ministers are permitted to use in very stirring sermons.

"Pay 'em well, Phogic, and they won't steal; and when you get a faithful servant don't part with him."

Phogic scowled and ed ed off.

"By the by, Dixon has brought everything out as square as a brick. Trial balance, balance sheet, everything foots up without the variation of a penny," continued Wyman maliciously, as Phogic increased his speed.

Poor, penny-wise, pound-foolish merchant! he learned better after that.

For the satisfaction of the reader, we may as well add that Dixon got a thousand for his next year's service, and that he is now engaged to his employer's pretty daughter, with the prospect of immediately becoming a partner in the concern.

[American Union.

Mrs. Harris says, foreigners resemble each other so much that she can't more than half the time tell an orang outang from a Frenchman. The lady is not only getting impatient, but

who governs

The Boy and the Man.

BY REV. JOHN A. C. ABBOT.

A few years ago, there was in the city of Boston a portrait painter whose name was Mr. Copley. He did not succeed very well in his business, and concluded to go to England, to try his fortune there. He had a little son, whom he took with him, whose name was John Singleton Copley.

John was a very studious boy, and made such rapid progress in his studies that his father sent him to college. There he applied himself so closely to his books, and became so distinguished a scholar, that his instructors predicted that he would be a very eminent man.

After he graduated, he studied law. And when he entered upon the practice of his profession, his mind was richly stored with information, and so highly disciplined by his previous diligence, that he almost immediately obtained celebrity. One or two cases of very great importance being entrusted to him, he managed them with so much wisdom and skill as to attract the admiration of the whole British nation.

The king and his cabinet seeing what a learned man he was and the influence he had acquired, felt it important to secure his service for the government. They therefore raised him from one post of honor to another, till he was created Lord High Chancellor of England—the very highest post of honor to which a subject can attain; so that John Singleton Copley is now Lord Lyndhurst, Lord High Chancellor of England. About sixty years ago, he was a poor portrait painter, hardly able to get his daily bread.

Now John is at the head of the nobility in England; one of the most distinguished men in talent and power in the House of Lords, and regarded with reverence and respect by the whole civilized world.—This is the reward of industry. The studious boy became the useful and respected man.

Had John S. Copley spent his school-boy days in idleness, he would probably have passed his manhood in poverty and shame. But he studied in school, when other boys were idle; he studied in college when other young men were wasting their time; he ever adopted as his motto, "ultra pergere," (press onward,) and how rich has been his reward.

You, my young friends, are now laying the foundation for your future life. You are every day at school deciding the question whether you will be useful and respected in life, or whether your manhood shall be passed in mourning over the follies of misspent boyhood.

Whilst glancing leisurely over Laurence Sterne's master-piece of satire, "Tristram Shandy," our eye was attracted by the following graphic description of a poor type:

"The Poor Type.—'I pay the printer,' said my uncle Toby.

"He's a poor creature," rejoined Trim.

"How so?" said my uncle.

"Because, in the first place," continued the corporal looking full upon my uncle; "because he must endeavor to please everybody. In the negligence of a moment, perhaps a small paragraph is inserted, and he is ruined."

"Too much the case Trim," said my uncle, with a deep sigh.

"And please your honor," continued Trim, "this is not the whole."

"Go on, Trim," said my uncle feelingly.

"The printer, sometimes," pursued the corporal, "hits on a piece that pleases him mightily. He thinks it cannot but go down with his subscribers. But alas! sir, who can calculate the human mind? He inserts it, and all is over with him.—They forgive others, but they cannot forgive the printer. He has a host to print for, and every one sets up for a critic.—The pretty Miss exclaims, 'why don't you give us more poetry, marriages and 'bon mots'—away with these stale pieces.'"—The politician clasps his spectacles over his nose, and reads it over in search of a violent invective; he finds none; takes his specks off, folds them, sticks them into his pocket—declares the paper good for nothing but to burn. So it goes.—Every one thinks it ought to be printed for himself, as he is a subscriber; and yet, after all this complaining, would you believe it, sir, there are some subscribers, who do not hesitate to cheat the poor printer out of his pay! Our army were terribly in flanders, but they never did anything so bad as that.—Evanville Enquirer.